

# The Demon and his Salvation

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Category: Gintama

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-12 06:42:49

Updated: 2016-04-12 06:42:49

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:22:23

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 986

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Oiwa, weak for a Yato, is the childhood friend to Kamui and faithful servant. After the defeat of Housen, Oiwa leaves Kamui for unknown reasons- leaving him to believe that she is dead. Kagura finds this character from her past in the most unexpected of places. Setting of a chain of events that could ruin everything.  
(Kamui/OC)

## The Demon and his Salvation

1

They say that every demon was once an angel. Only after a fall did they become demons. The same could be said for Kamui- who was once as innocent and as pure as freshly fallen snow. The only thing that tainted his purity was the idea of power and strength. While their clan was known for their strength and endurance, Oiwa was rather weak for a Yato.

Oiwa was born the year after Umibouzu's wife (or lover, which was what she was at the time) gave birth to a son. Unlike her sisters before her, Oiwa battled against her fate with all the strength her tiny body had. Her father was a cruel man who believed that only men could be strong and girls were worthless. When his wife bore him only daughters, he broke their little necks and tried again for a son. However, Oiwa bit onto his hand with her gums wishing to do more harm than she truly could. Teke took this as a sign and spared the child.

So there she grew, right beside Kamui like a weed beside a beautiful tigerlily. When he shed his humanity she carried it for him, following him out of the village and into the eternal night of Yoshiwara. While he trained from Hosen, she would study and learn from a few courtesans willing to teach her. Kamui never voiced that he wanted her to stop following him so she stay but vowed that the second he asked her to leave, she would be gone without a second thought.

But he hadn't said that yet.

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"KAMUI!"

Kagura shot out onto the roof, firing from her umbrella as she went. Oiwa stepped in front of Kamui, shielding him with her yellow umbrella before swinging it to the side then back over her head.

Kagura glared at her brother whose eyes cracked open to reveal a crystal blue eye peering back at her from behind Oiwa.

"Still using her as a human shield, Kamui?" she spat, struggling against Shinpachi's arms.

Oiwa glanced back to the man behind her, her forest green eyes meeting his sky blue. There were times when she wondered if that was all he saw her as- just a disposable object to throw away when he was done with her. But then she would remember the times when he shielded her from the rocks bullies threw or the times he saved her from her father. This was just how she repaid him.

Flicking her attention back to the younger Yato, Oiwa scoffed. "One day you'll understand."

While Kamui spoke of strength and vowing to return to fight Gintoki, Oiwa had locked eyes with the silver haired samurai. This was the first time he had seen another Yato woman and the differences between the two were vast. Firstly, their appearances were like night and day. Unlike Kagura's orange hair, Oiwa's was a mass of fist sized curls in a rich purple color. Both females were short and slim, but it was obvious that Oiwa's body was far weaker than the younger Yato. Oiwa lacked the energetic appearance the latter held and her eyes seemed dull and almost lifeless.

There was something about her that Gintoki didn't like. There was something in her eyes that made him uncomfortable. But he didn't have time to dwell on it before she stepped off the roof with her comrade.

"Abuto, where did your arm go?" Oiwa peered down at Abuto, hands behind her back in an innocent manner.

"And where have you been?" the larger Yato spat, getting to his feet with the help of Kamui. "You were meant to be keeping the Commander's blood thirst in check."

"So bossy!" Oiwa turned on her heel, smacking the injured man in the face with her closed umbrella. "I had some other business to attend to."

Kamui fell into step beside his childhood friend, tugging along his injured comrade. His cheerful smile hid his own injuries and the worry he held for the smaller woman at his side.

"Did you find a doctor?" he asked casually.

"We could have used her and you had her go find a doctor for the common cold?!" Abuto spluttered.

The pair ignored him.

"I did." Oiwa opened her umbrella as the sun came into view. "He gave me a clean bill of health."

She smiled up at him, but her smile failed to reach her eyes- and Kamui noticed the dull lifelessness in them. The same that Gintoki had seen. He ignored it, however, trusting her enough to know that she would never lie to him.

Only, he knew there was something she wasn't telling him.

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"You're not even a full Yato! Just go die!" a group of bullies shouted, throwing rocks and stones.

Oiwa stood her ground, knowing that it would only give them sick satisfaction if she cowered in a huddle at their feet. The sharp stones couldn't cut her skin, nothing ever could, but they hurt all the same. In his efforts to create a more powerful Yato, her father had instead created a monster with only half the strength of a normal Yato. A monster that stood out with her purple hair and green eyes. Hair that the local girls had tried and failed to cut, leaving a half sheered mess of curls.

"Go away mon-"

The stone that was thrown was caught by someone behind her and tossed back, knocking the bully off his feet.

"You're the real monsters." Said the smiling boy, a baby strapped to his back. "Besides, you all are weaker than her. Look, she's not even bleeding. And you call yourselves Yato."

After the bullies had scattered, Oiwa turned to Kamui her eyes glassy with unshed tears. This was the third time that week that he had saved her from the neighborhood bullies. With a jerk of his head, she walked away with Kamui.

End  
file.